



drain in temperature and drenched by the rain, the howling of rain which started immediately at the close of the windstorm. Not a light was visible in that portion of the city, even the gas mains being wrecked, and so many people passed a night of abject terror as on that occasion. The rain was truly a fortunate thing in one sense, as it lessened the damage done by the wind, which might have grown to serious proportions had they been unchecked.

The people in the downtown section almost all huddled under the eaves for several hours. No car line was running except the Olive street, so those who lived in sections of the city to which this line did not extend were forced to walk. The rain was a welcome work home. Anxiety about their families prompted many to take this latter course, and the walk in pitch darkness, through a rain which was blowing in gusts, was no order foot, was an experience which none will forget who underwent it. In many cases they returned only to find their homes in ruins and some all of the family dead.

As has been said, the wind lasted for about a minute and a half. In many cases the wind was so strong that it was a trial portion of the tornado or which were off its path were destroyed as completely as if they had been struck by a direct blow. The whirling cloud of the tornado seemed to create a vacuum in its path, and the houses and buildings were blown to be blown outward by the force of the air within, the walls which fell outward, and the roofs fell in. In many houses which were destroyed in this manner, the people were killed.

All through the night of the 27th it poured and stormed, but the next morning dawned clear and bright. But the damage which any work was done in any line of business, many of the large establishments closing their doors for several days. In many cases the people thus damaged spent their time in walking around the city, seeing what they could do. The work of hunting for bodies buried under the ruins of the wrecked and destroyed houses was not completed until after body which was taken from the ruins covered the city. The bodies were found all over. Over 150 bodies were found all told, and the number of injured will never be known as many of the injured were taken to the hospital.

The morning after the cyclone a meeting was held at the Merchants Exchange and the people who were injured by the cyclone suffered. Mayor Whitebridge called a couple of meetings and money was collected for the relief of the victims. Temporary relief of those made homeless by the storm was given.

It took many weeks for the nerves of the citizens to recover from the shock of that terrible storm. The people who were injured in South St. Louis cause uneasiness among those who felt the effects of the cyclone, and the people who were injured in the city were slow, and the effects of the tornado are still plainly visible in the downtown section.

The Secretary of the Treasury has a very large directory of careless owners of people who have money to burn or otherwise destroy, and who appeal to him for reimbursement. Uncle Sam is kind enough to restore lost money when he is satisfied that it is actually out of existence, and the Treasury Department has to look after this branch of his financial affairs. Hardly a day passes that the Treasury is not appealing to its funds for money destroyed, and he often receives remittances of bills, many of them unrecognizable, with queer tales of how the work of destruction was wrought.

One of the latest applications was from a Vermont farmer, who sent a mass of remnants of bills that approached the condition of pulp, and asked for \$200 in return, which, after some delay, he received. He said he had very carefully hidden the money in a hole in the wall of his barn, and somehow it had gotten into the hay and bran fed to one of his cows. The cow was chewing the green feed when its nature was discovered.

Another farmer, from Kansas, has sent a lot of chopped bills that he says represent \$50. According to his story they were in the pocket of a vest that was hung on a feed cutter, and when it was being operated the corner of the vest hit the feed and the money got between its knives, and, with the money, was torn in shreds. The claim is now in process of adjustment.

A Boston man took from his pocket what he says he thought was a piece of paper, and burned half of it in lighting the gas. The gas light revealed the fact that he had used a \$20 bill for a lighter.

A Washington man, a couple of weeks ago, went in person to the Secretary of the Treasury to get some badly mutilated bills that his playful pup had been exercising on.

A Wisconsin woman has sent a lot of tinder that she says was once \$20. Several months ago she hid it in a stove pipe hole, into which a pipe from a laundry fire was recently placed. As the pipe rested on the bills tinder was the result.

Another woman, this time in Indianapolis, got \$10 in greenbacks mixed with greens she was preparing for dinner, and boiled them into an almost unrecognizable mass.

A loving Philadelphia papa has asked \$23 for a few strips of greenish paper and a score of pellets of the same material. He says they once constituted a \$20 bill, which his pet boy had torn to pieces, rolled into balls and blown through a straw.

An Ohio man wants to sell the Treasury Department a mouse nest for \$100. He says he had that amount in bills in a bureau drawer, and that the insect appropriated it in bits to build a home in which to rear their family.

This list is continually growing, and the communications giving the remarkable details are so frequent as to cause no smile or comment in the department. It is simply a new case that follows along a line of red tape until it is adjusted.